

ever, in contriving the means of escape from this desperate situation. He was employed in threshing at a barn, in a large field, about a league from the house of his new master; and the latter came daily to overlook his work, and treat him with abusive language: this he not unfrequently followed up with kicks and blows, and these were more than Smith could bear. He watched an opportunity one day, when no third person was present, and levelled a stroke at the bashaw with his flail, which stunned, if it did not kill him.

He then hid the body in the straw, and, shutting the barn door, he filled a bag with grain, mounted the bashaw's horse, and betook himself, with all possible despatch, to the desert. There he wandered two or three days, ignorant of the way, but was so fortunate as not to meet with a single person who might give information of his flight.

At length, he came to a post, erected in a cross-road, by the marks on which he found his way to Moscow. In sixteen days, he arrived at Exapolis, on the river Don, where was a Russian garrison. Here, the commander, understanding that he was a Christian, received him kindly, took off his iron collar, and gave him letters and passports. These, with the generous assistance of old friends, whom he fell in with on his route through Germany, France and Spain, enabled him to complete his travels. He returned to England in a year or two, with one thousand ducats in his pocket.